TALKS TO BIRDS IN THEIR OWN LANGUAGE

J. Alden Loring Tells How Easy It Is to Get on Familiar Terms With the Little People of the Wilds

Nature study parties under his leadership have been astonished to see an Owego boy call in their own language to the wild birds of the woods and bring them to his knee. This New York young man is J. Alden Loring, now well known to naturalists because of his personal intimacy with those whom he affectionately terms the little people of the wilds.

Knowing every bird and mammal of this country by its note or cry, he has the knack of imitating many species, actually holds conversation with them in their own tongue, and on remarkably short acquaintance inspires them with confidence in his friendly attitude.

He has demonstrated how easy it is to get on familiar terms with the wild animals and birds and is one of the small number of modern naturalists who are starting a new development in nature science, vastly more fascinating and sympathetic than the older shotgun and stuffed skin method.

"Now, before the season is far advanced; is the time opportune for gaining acquaintance with notes of birds," he said to the writer the other day as the two sat among the great ferns of a Long Island swamp watching the squeaking flocks of herons flying among hundreds of nests in a big colony. "Later the birds do not sing so much as in the spring and early summer."

He was getting responses from the little birds of higher order in the foliage all about, but the herons remained relatively apathetic, although he intimated their hoarse, henlike cackle exactly. In answer to an inquiry he said:

"No, one cannot get results equally from all kinds of birds. Naturally those higher in the scale of intelligence do best. The wisdom of the owl is mostly in appearance. It does not display as much intelligence as the hawk, though I had a little screech owl that would come when I called him.

"Of the wild birds, one of the easiest to bring down from the trees is the chickadee, and it seems to be done best early in the spring. I have heard its answering call come closer and closer through the woods, till it flew about close above my head. When seated quietly I have had them perch on my shoes.

"There is no such thing as bird charming. It is simply a knack, and can be done by any one if he knows how. No one, in my opinion, has any power over animals other than that which is purely natural.

"Many birds come to each other in answer to call notes, and it is necessary simply to imitate these. Often these are distinct from their ordinary song. With the quail, for instance, it is not the familiar bobwhite, but the rarer and more plaintive notes.

"In calling the larger birds and animals it is wise to be concealed, but with smaller species it is not necessary to be so careful.

"Foxes, weasels and owls can be brought close by imitating the squeal of a mouse in distress. Chipmunks and many other small rodents will come in answer to a squeaking or sucking noise with the lips. The orioles can be called by whistling. Though the several species have varied notes, they are easily imitated. Crows come quite readily, too.

"The familiarity with human beings that can be inspired in many of the wild birds is wonderful. With a little pains any one can get them to come into the house and often to feed from the hand. If a dish of water be set on the lawn in the summer they will come and bathe in it.

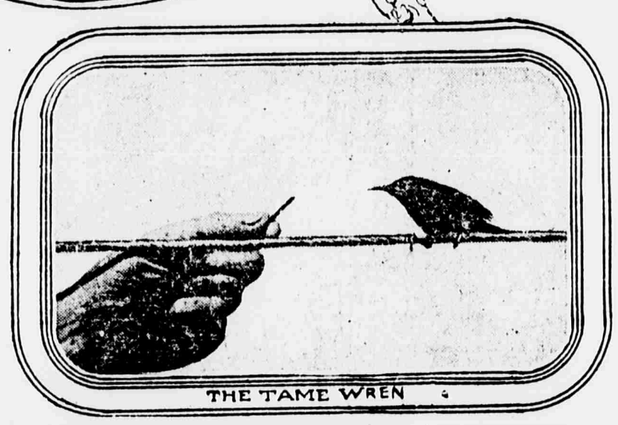
CROW LIGHTS ON MR LORING'S SHOULDERS.

PLAY WITH THE JAPANESE BEAR.

"Robins and catbirds will come quite close if given cherries or strawberries. Seeds and breadcrums will attract sparrows, and in a short time they will become so tame as to eat from your hand. By placing nut kernels on the window sill in winter chickadees and nut hatches can be brought into the room.

"One summer at home I taught a wren to eat from a pole which I held near him. That he did not forget the training while away for the winter was shown by his readiness to do it at once the following season.

"Then inside of two weeks I induced him, while sitting on a clothes line, to take a worm from my fingers. By holding a camera in the other hand I managed to get several photographs of this performance.



THE TAME WREN

"The process I employed was to shorten the pole gradually, then use a small stick, and finally discard both. I have often fed wild birds on the nest with a pole.

"A wild bobolink which I kept for a while at home would always straighten up and obey lustily whenever I said 'Sing a song, Bobbie!' Both a sparrow hawk and a crow among my pets would come when I called.

"The latter enjoyed picking at a horse's feet, lying low to escape the kick. He would also tease the dog by pulling his tail.

"Two young ducks I had would follow like little dogs when I said 'Come, go down to the river.' Going in myself for a swim, I would hide, whereupon they would climb up on the bank and yip as though scared to death. As soon as I announced myself they would cuddle close to me and peep contentedly.

"While working out in Colorado for the Biological Survey I had an amusing experience with a bushy tailed or mountain rat. It had its nest in the abandoned cabin which I was using while at the place. I made it a practise not to kill the animals about my camps, preferring to study them in life. However, I saw, or rather heard and felt, this fellow only once.

"One night I was awakened by his movements, but lay still to discover what he would do. I heard him making explorations among my cooking utensils, when he jumped into a large pan, in which he chased himself round and round like a racehorse in the hippodrome.

"Then he came over to me, and after nosing around a while very gently bit at my ear. He didn't seem further interested in my anatomy, for after taking several more whirls around the pan he went out.

"While at the same place, one morning before going down in the valley to collect a series of prairie dogs I placed the potatoes and bacon in the frying pan to abbreviate my kitchen work when I should return. Congratulating myself upon the need of only striking a match, I entered the door as a lot of chipmunks rushed out.

"In place of the potatoes and bacon I found only the chipmunks' tracks. But I took it all as a joke, conversed with them a while, and many of them came back into the cabin while I was there and ate the bread I threw within their reach.

"Of the rodents, those fondest of human company are the porcupine and its relative, the Cuban rat, or jutia. One of the latter crawled into my pocket and followed me about like a dog.

"At the Bronx Zoo we had an Asiatic porcupine so tame that it was allowed to run at large. It sought to pick a fight with a peccary confined within an enclosure. The porcupine raised his quills and backed up to the wire fence by way of challenge, but the peccary contented himself with gnashing his teeth.

"Of course, the anthropoid mammals show the most nearly human characteristics as pets. While I was one of the curators at the New York Zoological grounds, before everything was ready for the opening, we had three or orang-utaus temporarily in the same building which I occupied.

"Late one night the temperature fell to a point dangerous for the orangs, so giving the other two an extra blanket, I took the most delicate one to bed with me—I may remark that they had regular baths. For some time he sat up trying to catch the shadows cast by the night lamp, felt my eyeballs and stroked my hair.

"He laid himself down when I admonished him a little sharply to keep still, but I had not been dozing long when I was again disturbed. He was sitting on the washstand, and in his frightened obedience to my sharper command upset the water pitcher over both of us and put out the light. He climbed up my legs, hung around my neck and cried like a child while I replaced the drenched bedding.

"A Japanese bear when first brought to The Bronx was so unpleasant that one could not get near him, but finally became so well acquainted that he would watch for my coming, and at sight of me would come tearing down the rocks for the meeting.

"Then he would wrestle and play and tenderly bite with such enthusiasm that people thought I was being killed. I had to tickle his ribs to escape from his attentions—he couldn't stand that.

"All the animals of the mammal department were always glad to see me and sorry to have me leave. There was a little coyote that would howl every time I imitated his cry, whereupon the whole pack of coyotes and wolves would join in chorus.

"I found much amusement in doing this while bringing friends through the dark woods at night. Their haste to get into the open was keenly entertaining."

Indians Kill Whales With Lances.

Tacoma correspondence Los Angeles Times.

The tug Wyadda has arrived at Neah Bay with a whale captured yesterday ten miles off Flattery by six canoeloads of Neah Bay Indians. When the Wyadda reached the Indians they were killing the monster with lances.

Another tugboat had been lying by during the chase, which was a long one. Members of the crew state that it was a most interesting sight to watch the manœuvers of the Indians and the great dexterity with which they handled their frail craft in the nasty sea, several canoes being fastened to the whale. The leviathan's wild plunges all but swamped them.

Accident Makes His Legs Even.

From the Somerset Herald.

The injury sustained last week by Ralph Knepper in a runaway will probably prove to be a blessing in disguise.

When Knepper was 4 years old he fell under a wagon and his right leg was crushed. When he recovered the right leg was an inch and a half shorter than the other. In the runaway last week Knepper's left leg was broken. The physician states that when the bone mends the leg will be the same length as the other one.

Coney Island in Its Off Hours

The Human Nature Side of Dwarfs, Giants and Other Performers.

Coney Island, the city without a Sunday or the place where any old day is Sunday, according to your standard, is again wide open. Officially the season was opened on May 13 last, but the weather man changed the original plans of the island's managers, and not really until last week may Coney be said to have been in full swing.

Three weeks of unfavorable weather have put the amusement and business men of the island so far behind in receipts that even with fair weather it will be mid-July before most of them have recouped their losses. But Coney is Coney, winning or losing. There is ever from noon to midnight a blare of brass from successive bands in front of amusement places from one end of Surf avenue to the other, crowds or no crowds; and only a snowstorm can still the raucous voices of ballyhoo men calling attention to their amusements.

On fair days Coney's main thoroughfare is caked with visitors, so dense are the crowds. On wet days a sand alley in the desert of Sahara could hardly show a more desolate picture.

As complex as its human compound of visitors is the composition of the island's working personnel. Pretty nearly everyone knows what Coney looks like when the island is all dressed up for company. Hardly less interesting, in an entirely different way, is the island in the early morning, before visitors are expected.

During visiting hours at the island you can now see at one place or another about as many different kinds of peoples of the earth as one would find at any big national exposition, all in native costumes. Eskimos, Indians, Igorrotes, Hindus, Filipinos, Fijis, Japanese, Chinese, dwarfs, giants, representatives of all Europe and the East; soldiers, concert hall girls in shoals, wild animal trainers, circus performers, museum freaks of every description make up a most picturesque population. And Coney's old guard of frankfurter venders is everywhere.

No place on earth perhaps can show more complications of human interest in any twenty-four hours than Coney. The island's police station and hospital are busier during the summer than any two like institutions in the biggest cities are during an entire year.

Romance, heroism, self-sacrifice, marriage, divorce, death are daily elements of the island's news, the logical flotsam of a resort where sometimes as many as 200,000 people a day come for folly.

To the observer caring for impressions odd, Coney is a Mecca, especially Coney in dishabille. Not all is gold that glitters at Coney. For instance:

Yesterday morning a tall, lean, sunbrowned man in the trousers of a Turk, the burnoose of a Moroccan, with the cast of face of a sheik, led a camel along the curbway of Surf avenue. Beside the man a little woman, in an Arabian aba, sandals and loose diaphanous skirt, trotted complacently, sunbrowned also like the man. The camel, the sandals, the burnoose, the aba and the tanned faces of the man and woman at once shot the imagination far across strange seas to distant lands whence the couple must have journeyed before reaching Coney.

Then the man said to the woman in a brogue not to be put into type:

"Shure, Mary, an' we'll have to buy some eggs for the childer for the mornin'."

"Yess," assented the woman in broken German, "und ve vill haf yet also to get some brod, Mike."

The dwarfs are more interesting in undress than when on show. Talk about vanity! The man or the woman of normal size and personal conceit is a Quaker of self-repression compared with the average pygmy fop or belle.

Imagine, if you can, a little coquette standing no higher than your own waist line wearing on her way to work every morning a Gainsborough hat as big as a parasol, high French heels, a peekaboo waist and a skirt of scarlet silk, with a long train. This particular mite is an exhibit at one of the big parks. To see her mincing her way from her lodgings to her labors, with the air of a princess and the feathers of a peacock, is to realize that only in size do dwarfs differ from most big folks.

Another dwarf, a little gentlemen of middle age, stature 3 feet 3 inches, is given to practical joking. He is stationed at the entrance to the show. Near him is a device that records the expansive strength of your lungs.

A favorite pastime of the dwarf practical joker is to wait until some young man with a very pretty girl is demonstrating his lung powers. After a victim has blown until his waistcoat buttons crack in trying to get the dial hand of the machine up to 250 degrees, a standard average for adults, the midget joker will sidle over, gaily seize the tube and nonchalantly send the index hand up in leaps until it touches the 700 mark. Of course the young men who want to show their girls how much they can blow are effusively congratulatory to the balloon lunged dwarf as he retires, grinning, to his station.

One of the midgets of the island is the busiest little person you ever saw. He boards in West Eighth street. Six times a day, always alone, he passes back and forth between his home and his work.

He is always dressed faultlessly, but in clothes cut in a style that only tall men may wear becomingly. A tall silk hat, black frock coat, gray trousers, mauve spats, patent leather shoes and a gold-headed cane compose the little fellow's sartorial equipment; and such a busy stride he has! He shows all the action of an O'Leary or a Rowell in the walk as he hurries along.

Every evening on their way to and from their exhibition grounds a married pair of these midgets are to be met, the woman, a pretty little thing, ever chattering like a little magpie, the man, silent, owl faced, but approving in manner.

Here is a climax in the way of dwarf nature. Along Surf avenue, long after the big parks had closed, a giant and a dwarf made their way. The giant towered over his companion as a battleship might over a rowboat.

The giant seemed to be trying to conciliate the little fellow. You might expect a big voice from the great body of the giant man, and a thin treble squeak from the diminutive mite. Yet it was in a shrill, thin tone that the giant said to his companion:

"You are too hasty. You've got to be careful when you start to mix it up with a tough gang like that."

"Oh, cut out all that papa's advice when you're talking to me," returned the dwarf in a voice as deep and big in volume as John L. Sullivan's. "Any man that insults me has got to make good, whether he's 6 feet tall or only 6 inches!"

The prologue of this incident had been, it seems, that some one in a dive had questioned Mr. Hop o' My Thumb's veracity, whereat the human speck with the sonorous vocals had attempted to rough house the place.

In marked contrast to the generally careful attention to dress of the dwarfs is the careless attire of most of the other exhibition people of the island when not on exhibition. Here is a man drifting lazily along Surf avenue in the early morning, wearing a pair of rawhide boots, a loose, collarless shirt, a paint stained jacket and a rough farmer's cap. Unshaven, unshined, he pulls lustily on a short black pipe.

Three hours later the same man, in an animal cage, a paragon of masculine symmetry, attired in a tightfitting cuirassier costume, bows graceful acknowledgments to a crowd of women who applaud him for the ease and grace with which he reduces to meek submission three tigers that apparently threaten to devour him piecemeal.

If you desire a peep behind the scenes at Coney, you must go down in the late afternoon or early evening of a damp, dull day. Then all the amusement places on the island shut up shop and turn their amusement people loose on the island.

Drop into any of the delicatessen shops, small restaurants or cafés on rainy evenings and you will get short range views of the island's personnel. You will find in these parties freaks, wild animal trainers, ballyhoo lecturers, acrobats, balloonists, feminine stars of concert halls and men who have made fighting their trade in the ring or on the field.

One is struck by the extreme youthfulness of the girl performers in the island's free concert halls. Enter any one of a half dozen of these places any day from noon until 1 P. M., and you'll find the stage peopled with twenty or more girls, many of whom look as though they were not very far in their teens. Each hall employs about forty girls. These are worked in two shifts, one company of, say, twenty appearing from noon to 6 P. M., and the other filling out the evening until closing time, which is 1 A. M. The girls receive from $10 to $12 weekly. They appear every day, including Sunday. They are lodged and boarded by the managers of the halls, usually in rooms of the hall building.

Down at the Norton's Point end of Coney is Sea Gate. This district is restricted and protected from invasion from the common horde and individual curiosity by a high stone wall, a gate and several private sleuths. It is also walled with spiles on its ocean side.

Residents of the colony go to and from Sea Gate a great deal by water. This saves them from contact or commingling with Coney's visiting masses or resident colonies. Automobiles also aid in securing this exclusiveness. To the fellow who is convinced that the world, after all, is but a very small place, and that very little of what is really matters, it is delicious fun to see suddenly engulfed in a real Coney crowd a party of fashionables from Sea Gate who have been forced to use the trolley to or from town because their yacht or auto has broken down. Such grimaces! Such shudders!

Coney's courtroom and police station are always busy. For one thing, a cordon of detectives are kept in constant service at Coney during the summer. Most of them are familiar with the faces of rogues of record, and as soon as one of these steps from a train and is recognized he is taken over to the police station and kept there until next morning, when he is discharged with a reprimand for having crossed Coney's deadline, or is sent to jail for a short term on the technical charge of vagrancy as a rebuke to his temerity in trespassing on Coney's territory.

Several of the merchants of the island are semi-millionaires, their wealth all gathered within a comparatively few years. But the fortunes of the island are mostly precarious.

Fire insurance rates are so high at Coney that only a small proportion of the money invested in buildings can be protected in this way. Coney's last big fire two years ago cleaned out about ten of the island's biggest business men. Most of these have gone about the work of reconstructing their fortunes.

Any one of the island's biggest money powers may be met almost any day along the walks or on the main avenue in shirt sleeves, and hatless, too, for that matter. The other day two men were noticed who together could produce a million dollars. One of them, in the seediest old clothes imaginable, was pegging away with hammer and nails at an old shed he was building, and the other, almost equally seedy in costume, with lighted candle in hand in the darkness of the cellar under a big dance hall and restaurant he conducts was overhauling crates of eggs.

Many of the island's merchants in the late fall, after Coney's season is over, hie to the South for the winter. Many others retire to houses they own at the island, rarely appearing in public again until the reappearance of the crocus.

Coney's hospital is a great training ground for young physicians and surgeons. One sees more kinds of bodily injuries in the Emergency Hospital in one week than in a long experience at an ordinary hospital. One man hovering between life and death from the bite of a rattler; another clawed by a tiger; a third pounded unconscious by an elephant; innumerable victims of cranial fractures from assault; railroad victims pitiably mangled; men and women poisoned by gas and opium; all stages of alcoholic aftermaths; victims of shooting and stabbing, victims of runaways and autos were among the cases treated there in seven days last year.

An institution of Coney that is fostered with a great deal of interest by resident islanders is the Coney Island Rescue Home. In this semi-hotel of about forty rooms are harbored wayward girls found at Coney Island who show a disposition to reform. The home is maintained almost entirely by the business men of Coney Island and does much real good in a quiet way.

His Profession.

Mrs. Givem—But you were here only last Wednesday.

Weary Willy—Yes'm, them's my days. Wednesday and Saturday; I'm a matinée idle.

The Biggest Elephant Tusks Ever Found

One of Them Made a Load for Four Men—New York Has a Relic of a Notable Central African Monster.

This is a picture of one of the two largest tusks that ever came into the ivory trade. Both came from the same animal.

The specimen here supported by four ivory carriers weighs 247 pounds. Think of carrying around to a very venerable age a weight of nearly 500 pounds in tusks alone! No wonder that an elephant's neck is so thick and muscular.

One day about eight years ago a party of black elephant hunters on a slope of Mount Kilimanjaro saw the animal that was carrying these wonderful tusks around and killed it. The villagers down below were much astonished when they saw four men carrying the ivory down the mountain. They had never seen a tusk before that was more than a one-man load.

ONE OF THE TWO LARGEST ELEPHANT TUSKS ON RECORD.

The tusks were taken to Zanzibar, where they were the talk of the town. The bidding for them was spirited, and naturally enough they were purchased for the American trade. Both of them came to New York, but one crossed the ocean again and is now in the British Museum.

The agent of a Berlin Museum arrived in Zanzibar a few days after the tusks had been shipped and was greatly chagrined because one of them had not been purchased for him. He had left a sum of money there with instructions that if anything unique in the museum line came along it was to be purchased for his institution.

On his return to Europe he telegraphed to America to learn what one of the tusks might be purchased for. The answer was $5,000, and that settled it. Berlin never expects to own one of the biggest tusks in the world.

It is rare that a tusk weighs more than from 100 to 120 pounds. The size of the tusk does not depend upon the age or size of the animal. Some of the largest tusks have been obtained from small elephants.

These two tusks were more than nine feet in length, but the aged bull elephant that wore them was of only medium size. The next largest tusks on record in the African trade weighed respectively 226½ and 175 pounds.

No one ever hears of such ravages among the Indian elephants as has been made by hunters among the African herds. This is due to the inferiority of size of their tusks, and therefore in the value of the ivory they yield.

An Asiatic cow elephant has very small tusks or none at all, and very few of the males have large development of ivory. They are like some men who cannot grow whiskers even with the stimulus of hair lotions. But this inferiority has been their salvation, for there are no signs that they will meet the doom of extermination that threatens their African brethren.

The heaviest Asiatic tusks that are known to have come into the market weighed 109, 106 and 100 pounds. The largest tusk of a mammoth yet dug out of the soil weighed 178 pounds.

So the old animal which was caught on the side of Kilimanjaro takes the palm, as far as the records go, in ancient or modern times.

A Half Day's Outing for Eight Nickels and Three Cents

This is an account of what a man saw for eight nickels and three cents on a Saturday afternoon:

Down the Bay on the upper deck of a Staten Island ferryboat the panorama included the skyscraper aggregation on the lower end of Manhattan, the Brooklyn and East River bridges, Castle Williams on Governors Island, the Statue of Liberty and Ellis Island, a glimpse of Greenwood Cemetery and Brooklyn Heights, Erie Basin and the foliage of Bay Ridge, the Narrows, the gateway to the sea, and a battleship and a cruiser off Tompkinsville. This cost a nickel.

A trolley car at the ferryhouse carried the traveler to the Elizabethport ferry, showing him on the way portions of Staten Island, containing old Dutch settlements, modern homes, sloping lawns, ancient trees, acres of vines and farmlands, shipyards, Sailor's Snug Harbor, the Kill von Kull, Bayonne and the meadows beyond. This little journey consumed a half hour and cost another nickel.

An able bodied man could nearly throw a stone across the kill that divides the island from Elizabethport, and the time of the voyage by ferryboat is less than ten minutes. This costs another nickel. But it is worth the money.

You have seen a noted shipyard, and a railroad bridge that was the result of a fantastic dream of a railroad company when it was trying to break into New York. Through the draw of this bridge you have seen a coal fleet passing on its way to Perth Amboy.

Leaving the ferryboat at Elizabethport you walk, if you wish, through a street which was a military road in the days of the Revolutionary War. If you continue this walk for a half hour you reach a little park that looks like the campus of a New England college.

Here you rest beneath a tree that is older than any of the old buildings, and you can throw the stump of your cigar against two ancient cannon that thundered in a famous war. Somebody will tell you that near this site Washington's troops bivouacked. Whether they did bivouac here may be a question, but certain it is they passed this way and fought the British.

Continuing your stroll, you come under the shadow of a church steeple quite different from the church steeples that are built in this generation. It shoots up from the ground like a clear cut mast. It is slender and graceful.

It surmounts an edifice that stands on the site of a church that was erected in the early days of the Revolutionary War and was burned by the British. Some of its members were American soldiers in that war. The present structure was built at the close of the war, and services are held there every Sunday.

The spire is a replica of the one that was caught up by a great storm that swept over New Jersey a few years ago and was hurled down into the street and smashed.

A few yards distant is a building that stands on the site of the first Princeton University. If you have lived in New York for a generation you may know this, but it is news to newcomers that Princeton University ever stood anywhere except in Princeton.

If you are weary you take a car and ride up through the business center of old Elizabeth and then get off and wander a while through old streets laid out before you were born, even if you are four score. This costs you another nickel.

A trolley line to Newark whirls you along a thoroughfare lined on either side by modern homes and well kept lawns and under the branches of great trees, out by farm lands and over bridges beneath which a river breaks over a rocky bed on its way to the Passaic.

You cross railroad trunk lines, you see fields of grain, you inhale the perfume of bloom, and in the distance you get a glimpse of lower New York and the bay. When you reach Newark, the main street of which is as crowded as any thoroughfare in the metropolis, you have spent two nickels.

In boarding a car for Hoboken you have in the center of Newark passed by a park which is famous. It contains many statues of men who were noted in letters, art and war.

On the way from Newark to Hoboken you get views of great factories; peaceful villages dot the distant hills; railroad trains wind about curves; odors stifle and sicken, and on either side, lo, the expansive Jersey marshes, the breeding place of the curse of humanity, which science is endeavoring to abate.

This bit of scenery is well nigh calculated to make the afternoon pilgrim wish he had gone elsewhere. And yet there travel across these marshes of slime and malaria every day in the year more than a million people, going to the metropolis or returning from it.

The trip from Newark to Hoboken has cost two nickels, and the fare from Hoboken to the city three cents.

Nowhere else on this continent can one make such a journey for the money.